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Of Magicians and Microtechnology



Chapter 1 by Arnav Koshy

'Yarna!'

The shout filled the air as the old building creaked and groaned as it crumbled to the ground. The heliplane hovering over head glowed as it strained against the weight of the rubble under it. The magic infused cords towing the sack of rubble stretched unnaturally as they slowly lifted their 10 ton load. Luckily, only the most skilled magicians oversaw demolitions, so no one would get hurt by some stray brick flying away due to a badly placed spell.

The sight was awesome, the glowing heliplane silently humming upwards as a giant net of rubble ten times its size slowly followed it, belching dust at everything nearby. Harnul watched with awe as the humming slowly ceased. He longed to have enough power to control a heliplane, or crush a building, but he had not reached the age where the magic in him reached its true potential. He was only comforted by the fact that he was one of the select few who would ever get to use magic. He turned around and trudged back to the Academy.

Chapter 2 by Arnav Koshy



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wrinkled his nose and walked on, still swinging his sword.

He shoved the doors of the Academy open and shambled to his room. Igniting the candle with a silent mumble as he walked in, he sheathed his sword and set it on his bedside table. Nothing ever happened in this place. Being a magic user with nothing to use magic on was as much a curse as a blessing. He lay down on his bed and stared up at the white, cracking ceiling. Somewhere a bell rang.

The door swung open. A figure stepped in. 'Hello?' said Harnul. The figure did not respond, just stood still. Harnul wasn't scared, he had his sword beside him and he was quite adept in magic, at least good enough to defend himself. Another shadowy figure climbed in through the window. Harnul reached out for his sword. The figure near the door stretched out his arm, and the sword flew to him. Catching the hilt neatly, the figure unsheathed it and examined the fine elf blade. Casually chucking the sword out of the open window, the figure pulled out a small cylindrical object. Harnul was shocked and disturbed at the loss of his sword and the strength of the figure. Who were these people?

The figure pressed a button on the cylinder, and a bright red light about three feet long erupted from the base. The light hit the table where the sword was resting, and burnt straight through it, leaving an inch deep hole. The figure pressed the light against Harnul's neck, so close he could feel the immense heat coming from it. In a clear voice, the figure said, 'Come with us'.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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